LITTLE-JOHN's *ANSWER*,

TO

ROBIN-HOOD

AND THE

Duke of Lancaſter.

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of, The Abbot of *Canterbury*.

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HERE's a ſtory reviv'd from twelve hundred & two,
Of bold *Robin-Hood*, but I know not how true;
How the Duke of *Lancaſhire*, came to King *John*
To tell of things in his Kingdom was done.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

What could be the meaning, this bold little Duke,
Did ride in ſuch haſt, with his Liege to diſpute;
To foam at the Mouth, it ſhew'd Malice and Spleen;
Search out, gentle Reader, what can all this mean?
Derry down, &c.

The terrible Knock, which he gave at the Gate,
Was not half ſo hard, as his Heart that did beat,
Leaſt his Viſet, ſo haſty, don't anſwer his End,
What he had to ſay, he therefore had Pen'd.
Derry down, &c.

The Porter affronted, he ſpoke very ſtern,
His Buſineſs he therefore wanted to learn;
My Buſineſs it is with King John, quoth the Duke,
And you've no Reaſon, the ſame to diſpute.
Derry &c.

I've the Meſſage in Hand, and my Liege I muſt ſee
You ſhall be admitted then immediately:
A very fine Story he had to Relate,
He had ſomething in Hand, and more in his Pate.
Derry &c.

The bold little Duke, puſh'd on with deſire,
Of raiſing a States-Man, ſtill higher and higher,
And turn *Robin* out in a Woeful Condition;
For tho' he's a Lawyer, he's no Politician.
Derry &c.

He told the good Yeoman, that he was a Peer;
Admitted, away to King *John* he did ſteer, To

To free him from Vermin, as he did pretend,
But he that ſpeaks fair, is not always a Friend,
Derry &c.

The Dwarf, that was trimming the Beard of the King,
Did ſtart, for to ſee his own Stature come in,
Much more for to ſee him ſo foam in a Pet,
My Liege was ſurpriz'd, to ſee him in a Sweat.
Derry &c.

Then ſoon the Duke, his Tale did begin,
How Bold *Robin-Hood*, did abuſe his good King,
By keeping his Subjects inclos'd in a Wood,
Says my Liege, to himſelf, *Would you be* Robin-Hood?
Derry &c.

He complain'd how Bold *Robin* did Kill the King's Deer,
But nothing he had ſaid, had he ſhar'd of the Cheer;
If the little Duke, could but ſhare of the Fees,
He'd ne'er have ſaid nothing, let who wou'd keep the Keys.
Derry &c.

This thing it is *Robbing*, the Law does direct;
But *Thieves* and *Receivers*, are much of a Sect,
But *Robin-Hood's* Cunning, he's none of the Gang,
Was there none to impeach, there's none could be Hang'd.
Derry &c.

Says my Liege, ſhould I make *Harry Gambol* a Keeper,
I do think that the Plot it could never be deeper;
My Court, when he comes, ſhall ne'er be much thinner,
For I'll keep him out, ſir, as I am a Sinner.
Derry &c.

Should I turn Robin *out, that would not be all,*
You tell me, You would have no *Robbing* at all:
But Robin *will* Robb, *do all that you can,*
For he is a Wit, and a vaſt Cunning Man.
Derry &c.

Sir, would you ſucceed him? pray let us diſpute,
Obedience and Silence, anſwer'd for the Duke;
The King turn'd about, and he ſmil'd for to hear,
That the Duke would *partake* of *Robin's* Stolen Deer.
Derry &c.

I gueſs what your Grace, now, does mean, very plain,
If Robin's *a Thief, ſir, You would be the ſame:*
I may as well have my Keeper, a R------- *that I know,*
Sir, You have your Anſwer, and ſo you may go.
Derry &c.

F I N I S.